

WARREN MAGAZINE

ALL NEW STORIES AND ART! PLUS COLOR!

CREEPY

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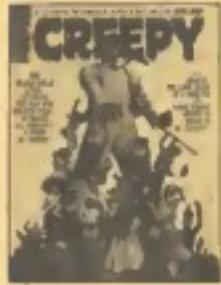
THE DEADLY DOLLS LIVED...
ATTACKING THE MAN WHO CREATED THEM...
ATTACKING ALL HUMANITY!
"A TOUCH OF TERROR!"

PLUS
"JENIFER"
THE LOVE STORY OF A MONSTER
AND
MAGIC VERSUS SCIENCE IN
"DEMON IN THE COCKPIT!"



NET MALES SEE PAGE 80 FOR DISPLAY ALLOWANCE PLAN

MY JOHN THE FRIEND,
OL' UNCLE CREEPY HAS
JUST IN THE MIST OF TURNING
OVER A NEW LEAF, AS YOU
CAN SEE, I GOT A BIT DARRIED
AWAY, AND SO WILL YOU WHEN
YOU SEE THE GROOVY GEM
DROPPES I'M OFFERING UP
THIS MONTH! BUT DON'T
TAKE MY WORD, RUSH
ON AND READ 'EM
YOURSELF!



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CREEPY®

CONTENTS

ISSUE NO. 63
JULY 1974

4 DEAR UNCLE CREEPY Some stories seem to spur rabid reader reaction, both pro and con! "Encore Ghastly" and "The Hero Within" prompt comment this issue!

6 CREEPY'S CATACOMBS The last laborer in the CREEPY vineyards to have his biography laid upon you is *Vincente Alcazar*. In addition, some notes on the Sharaz Awards.

7 JENIFER Out in the deep woods, an ax is raised to kill this strange, pétifé girl. But when Jim saves her, it eventually costs him his family, his sanity, and much, much more!

17 A TOUCH OF TERROR There are thousands of them and they lurk and wait in the most insidiously innocent of disguises... Wait to rip, tear, and rend all mortal flesh!

29 GHOST OF A CHANCE It's said a fortune lies hidden in the grim, haunting confines of Lindor mansion! Also waiting is the owner's ghost... Plus a horrifying curse!

35 DEMON IN THE COCKPIT Can science and black magic exist together... Or must they constantly war? For one viewpoint, have a look at our cataclysmic color insert!

43 FISH BAIT What began as a pleasure cruise swiftly becomes a journey into nightmare when shipwreck survivors must duel man-eating sharks, each other, and... the unknown?

53 THE CLONE Dr. Grant Deighton lies in his hospital bed, knowing vengeful death stalks him! The very creation responsible for his survival now comes to brutally slay him!

CONCERNING OUR MAIL ORDER ADVERTISEMENTS: Warren Publishing Co. guarantees the delivery and satisfaction of all items advertised in this issue. Should you need to write us concerning an order, whether it be from our address or a Post Office Box address, send your letter to: E.C. Ives, Customer Service Dept., Warren Publishing Co., 1428 E. 32nd Street, New York, N.Y. 10018.



I just about made a big mistake! I was going to write in and say I'm tired of Sanjulian painting his best for EC-R!

I wish to apologize to Sanjulian. When I pulled out CREEPY #61, my mind was stunned. I saw this most perfect cover Sanjulian has ever painted for CREEPY!

I wrote a letter last month to issue #60 and said Rich Corben's art was the best I'd ever seen him do. Well, he showed me not to speak too soon by putting out "Terror Tomb". It had to be his very best of all. Or was it? I'm certainly going to be sticking around to find out!

MARK SCHABECK
Kekland, Wash.

In issue #61 the Cadillac referred to on page 22 is not one at all. On the preceding page you can clearly see the thugs car is actually a Rolls Royce.

NORMAN ASKEW
Binghampton, N.Y.

"The most perfect cover Sanjulian has painted!"

The quality of your stories has been failing of late. One called "Stranger in Eternity" was hard to follow, but Adelio Abellán's art has improved over earlier efforts. "Advent of the Scrap-Heap" was pretty tremendous, but seemed very similar to one from a Karloff magazine.

"The Ghouls" storyline kept me guessing, but Martin Salvador's art wasn't up to its usual superb level. Rich Corben's art and color in "Terror Tomb" was fantastic but the story just didn't make it. I guess it's just about impossible to do an original mummy tale.

Stories like "The Blood-Red Motorbike" I've read before. Luckily, "Twisted Medicine" was a real psychological masterpiece. As for "Encore Ghastly", why do you keep Tom Sutton around?

TERRY SHORT
Stamps, Ark.

I keep him around because our Venus Fly-trap drop when he's away. Terry, but some fans have OTH-ER reasons. And I wish space limitations hadn't forced us to cut part of your letter. But we've taken all your suggestions to heart.

I'm both happy and sad to see Archie Goodwin back at the helm of CREEPY. Happy because Goodwin knows how to plot, write, and...with the artist break-down a story. Sad because Goodwin can pack a lot of punch in his Warren mags.

Yet I'm sad too. T. Casey Brenton is back with his surrealistic stories, which, besides being many years outdated, tend to get boring. Sad because Archie always used 8 to 10 pages per story whereas Bill Oakley knew that his readers didn't want 8 or 10 page stories. He knew his readers wanted good stories, whether they were ten pages or thirty pages long! Sad because Archie Goodwin has been out of the Warren world so long and may not be aware of the changing desires of a Warren fan.

The most disappointing issue of CREEPY in the three years I've been a Warren fan is CREEPY #63. Yet I am willing to give Archie a chance to stop "formularizing" stories and squeezing them into 8 or 10 pages, as well as terminate the use of surrealistic yarns the like of "Stranger in Eternity."

Yes, Uncle Archie still does that talent as editor. But it hasn't been used in a Warren magazine for a few years. Let's wait awhile and see how he does once he gets back into the fold.

STEVEN SCHEIBNER
Jackson Heights, NY

Much may be more than a punk like Goodwin deserves, Steve. (When you're MY age, almost anyone—except EERIE—seems like a punk.) But don't be TOO sad, both Our Day AND me are going to be watching to be SURE he does it right!

There were only three stories in that issue which allowed the old-time great taste that CREEPY used to have.

Tom Sutton's "Encore Ghastly" was fantastic! I've always loved Tom's style in writing and art. Give us more of Sutton's art; he's a master! Also, Carl Weesler and Martin Salvador's "The Ghouls" was truly terrific. And of course I couldn't leave out the comic art genius, Rich Corben, or his "Terror Tomb" with its black humor. Keep up that old time good horror taste Uncle!

MICHAEL O'CONNELL
Niles, Ohio

If you keep reading 'em, Mike, we keep right on shoveling them up for you!

For a while, I thought your magazines were going to go down the drain. But in CREEPY #61 and VAMPIRELIA #23, I found a great improvement!

Please keep Rich Corben. He's terrific. I highly agree with Dan Stephen Ehlers who suggested you should have a CREEPY color special issue with nothing but Corben art and stories.

Frank Frazetta, Sanjulian, and Finch are my favorite cover artists.

There is still one thing that bothers me though. Please cut down the ads to about 8 pages instead of the usual 14 or 15 pages. If you do this, I'm sure you will get more readers.

VICTOR SHARP
Lake City, Tenn.

I try to hold the ads to a minimum, Victor, but I'm afraid that, like ME, they're a necessary evil.

CREEPY #62 was a very weird and strange issue. And when I saw Sanjulian's cover, I knew I was going to fall for it.

Every story had a rare and eccentric theme to it. "A Stranger in Eternity" presents a weird journey and an unfortunate ending. "Advent of the Scrap-Heap," which was my favorite, was an interesting variation on an over-used theme. Jose Gaul depicted the master midgets beautifully. From Tom Sutton's tale about EC's Ghastly Graham Ingels to Jose Bea's motocycle-come-alive, this was a frighteningly enjoyable issue.

And who but Richard Corben could come up with an unorthodox and bumbling mummy? Well, endowed Sandy made old Mortarion come alive! This issue of CREEPY is testimony that your quality is up and still climbing.

BRIAN PRESCOTT
West Springfield, Mass.

I have been with your magazine for a while now and I would just like to say that it is an interesting switch from conventional magazines that I have been reading.

Rich Corben's art of "The Hero Within" was his absolute best! And Steve Skeates outdid himself writing the story. You should have more work by Esabéen Maroté, because I feel he is a master of pen and ink.

Another of your artists who seems deserving of credit for his consistently excellent artwork is Jean Bea. I hope to see a color section of his soon.

MICHAEL P. POCHMARA
Allen Park, Mich.



Continuing to know more reader comments: CREEPY #60's "The Hero Within" from the team of Skeates and Corben

"More of Sutton's great stuff!"

Why in the world was "Stranger in Eternity" not published in *EERIE*? Its predecessor was. And why Adelpho Aselian? He is not one of your better artists, and he was pathetically imitating her superior Esteban Maroto. The story itself wasn't so great, but you could have improved it vastly with Maroto's help.

"The Ghosts" was disappointing! I don't dig grave-robbing tales in the first place, and this one was (1) difficult to grasp, especially the details because of the transparent writing (2) an old-hat plot (3) not superbly illustrated, and (4) while that ending was much too preachy, it got your more subtle style of terror across.

"The Blood-colored Motor-bike" had good possibilities, especially with such a good title. Jess Beaz's artwork was good, but the story was grossly formulated. EC 50s style. So, to hell that one. **Bea**, stick to art!

"Terror Tomb" had fantastic art which is average for Corben. I'm not sure about the use of humor in the story. Half of me keeps saying, "This is a horror mag! Cut the absurdity!" However, "Terror Tomb" was the best piece of the issue.

"Twisted Medicine" was the worst story and that's pretty low. Leo Summer's art was below average and the story was confusing. You kept changing cultures, for one thing. I just didn't get it.

"Encore Ghastly" was just so-so. It too stank (not smacked, not even smelled, but stank!) of the old EC formula: "bad," yet punished gruesomely. Tom Sutton's art is unusual. His body positions and hands are appealing, even if his faces are grossly satirical (satire or lack of talent? I'd lean toward the former).

Last, but very definitely not least, Sangjai's cover. He's surprised Frank Frazetta. His work is really something special in the field of cover art.

All in all, #62 was not one of your better issues. Get going! Us fans will supply the (constructive) criticism.

ERIC APPELBAUM
Topeka, Kan.

Glad we had that Sangjai's cover. Eric, otherwise, just about EVERYONE in the dungeon would be in tears... And this place is damp enough already!

The plethora of clever "inside" jokes in the Tom Sutton tale, "Encore Ghastly," made pleasant and familiar reading for this EC fan.

MAKO SANO
Daly City, Calif.

"The Hero Within" in CREEPY #60 is a horrible story. It is also the finest best-written best-illustrated, most all-around high quality story I've ever read in any Warren magazine. It left me stunned, and all of this without a single supernatural aspect.

Steve Skeates and Rich Corben. Congratulations on a true masterpiece! It is unusual to see children portrayed even half-way realistically in a comic magazine. But here we see a writer and artist illustrating magnificently how fantasy can completely rule the mind of a schizoid or autistic child. Mr. Skeates seems to be extending this to suggest that fantasy may help such a child to cope with the world in more than one way. Within the fantasy, Lucien was able to protect himself from the vicious dog, but without it, his terror rendered him helpless.

In the past, Rich Corben has had a tendency to draw caricatures rather than characters but this was much less evident in "The Hero Within." And you could almost taste and smell the rich colors, with the light and shadow effects, the stones and plants simply coming alive. Fantastic! I have never seen a better job.

Lucien's destruction is pathetic, his death gruesome. And mental illness in children is always frightening and depressing. There is no supernatural element that the reader can use to break the story's spell with a comforting thought. The story is not about science-fiction; its more-or-less heroic fantasy elements are presented as just that, fantasy.

The story is too real. We all know that unwanted children and wretched foster homes have always existed. There is little about Lucien's story to disbelieve. But it is interesting to read about a mentally ill person who is not a murdering psychopath, as most insane people in horror media are. Mr. Skeates showed that a mentally ill person most often harms himself, by his inability to cope.

So don't listen to criticism. You've got a great story! And I'll wager that any non-constrictive criticism you get will come from people who were really pretty shaken and won't admit it. I can think off-hand of several adults who enjoy horror media to whom I would not recommend this story.

I wish I could be so enthusiastic about the rest of the issue but the other four stories just weren't up to par.

DAILE NICHOLSON
Actor, Maine

Next Issue:



DOUBLE THE CHILLS! DOUBLE THE COLOR!

CREEPY #64 will feature set ONE, but TWO vivid color tales! Doug Moshen and European Masters' "Werew" Blue Jim Blasstrum and Rich Corben's "An Angel out of Hell." A special Summer Bonus from us to you!



Would You Write a Letter to This Man?

Hey! I'd love to get them! Why not take a chance on a 300 year-old creep? Write! Send letters to:

DEAR UNCLE CREEPY
c/o Warren Publishing Co.
145 E. 32nd Street
New York, N.Y. 10016



CREEPY'S CATACOMBS

A HAUNTED HISTORY OF VINCENTE ALCAZAR THE OFFICER-TURNED ARTIST



land.

After putting in the requisite of several years as a starving, struggling artist, Vicente got his first job illustrating war comics for Fleetway. And, he admits, "when I had killed the entire Axis army single-handedly many times over, I knew it was time to change."

So it was he began working on magazines like THE SAINT, STAR TREK, and others. Additionally, he did illustrations for science fiction books.

Looking to diversify, Vicente headed for France where he drew comics about espionage and spies. But still he wasn't completely satisfied. So he grabbed his portfolio and made for New York. There, he showed his work to Bill Dubay who, Vicente notes, told me that I would have a beautiful future as a bus driver. Undaunted, however, Vicente became a part of the Warren staff, and now draws for the CREEPY magazine regularly.

His words to many admirers? "My only wish is that you like my work. I love you all."

Vicente Alcazar is a dedicated professional. Although he lives in the treacherous wilds of Maracaibo, Venezuela, Vicente actually flies to the even more treacherous wilds of New York City to deliver each and every job he does for Warren Publishing.

But Vicente is used to traveling. He was born in Madrid, Spain in the tumultuous year of 1944. And at the age of 24, he remembers following the family tradition. "I was sent to Military School." And Vicente was well on his way to being a full-fledged Naval officer. But after a year of training, the once-and-future artist left the armed forces to study art in Eng-



One of the many exciting strips drawn by the multi-talented Vicente Alcazar was the EERIE series "Schreck," featuring a futuristic hero.

CORBEN, GOOOWIN, PLOOG, STARLIN, WEIN, WOOD, AND WRIGHTSON WHAT DO THEY HAVE IN COMMON?

Obviously, they're not a new rock group set to run-in Crosby, Stills, Nash, and Young. If you're a comic fan, you no doubt recognize them as some of the top artists and writers in the field. If you're a WARREN comic fan, you've no doubt guessed they've either done work for us, or are about to do it, because they've gained another common bond: All of them are SHAZAM AWARDS nominees. These awards given each year by the Academy of Comic Book Arts, an organization of professionals similar to the Motion Picture Academy which hands out Oscars.

The awards cover many different categories, such as Best Penciler (which Mike Ploog and Berni Wrightson are nominated for), Best Writer (Archie Goodwin and Len Wein), Superior Achievement (Rich Corben), Outstanding New Talent (Jim Starlin), and Hall of Fame (Wally Wood). Space doesn't really permit listing all the categories, or all the nominees. But when the final winners are chosen, we'll try to give you a complete run-down.

After all, just as the six gentlemen listed above have something in common, we feel we have something in common with the Academy. A sincere interest in the best. They're trying to pick the best for a given year; we're trying to produce the best year after year.

1974 NEW YORK COMIC ART CONVENTION

The World's Biggest Comic Art Convention



July
4, 5,
6, 7, 8
Hotel
Commodore
Park Ave.
& 42nd St.
New York
City

NOW THAT I UNDERSTAND EXACTLY WHAT HAPPENED,
THAT THERE WAS A DEFINITE PREDICTION TO IT ALL,
IT ONLY MAKES ME DESPAIR THAT MUCH MORE.

MURKOPWING

I NEVER IMAGINED IN MY WILDEST DREAMS
THERE WAS ANY MENTION TO THE
CHAIN OF EVENTS LEADING TO MY
FINAL PARTING WITH HER. IT WAS
ALL SO SWIFT.

EVEN THAT DAY IN THE WOODS,
MONTHS AGO, WHEN MY HUNTING
TRIP WAS INTERRUPTED BY THE
SOFT, LAMENTIVE CHORUSING
OUNDS... EVEN THAT SEEMED
INCIDENT OF DESIGN.

THAT WAS THE DAY I FIRST
SAW HER FACE, FIRST
LOOKED INTO HER EYES,
FIRST HEARD HER NAME...

JENIFER

DEAR
GOD!







THE AUTHORITIES AND BELIEVE ME,
AND NO TRACE OF THE GIRL'S PARENTS
OR NEXT OF KIN COULD BE FOUND.
IT WAS EIGHT MONTHS LATER JUDGE HAD
ARRANGED FOR PLANS TO PLACE
JENIFER IN AN INSTITUTION THAT I
FEAR HELD HER EYES UPON ME...
THOSE BLACK, MUSCULARLY COMPELLING
EYES...



MY NIGHTS BECAME ACCULDED WITH ANXIETY. I LOST WEIGHT, GREW HAIRLESS.

I TRIED TO FIND ANOTHER HOME FOR JENNIFER. I REALLY TRIED! BUT HALF-WAY TO THE INSTITUTION, SHE'D BEAN THAT ANGRY SILENT PLEURRING, THOSE BULBOUS PROTRUSIONS THAT WERE HER EYES WOULD FILL, AND TEARS WOULD STARE DOWN HER DISTORTED CHEEKS...







I JOINED THE CARRY MANAGER IN A DESERTED
FIELD AND SOLD MY BUSINESS AND THE HOUSE.
THE NEXT MORNING JENIFER AND I HIT THE ROAD,
NOT BOthered to chart a route, running
helplessly from constantly pursuing
memories. Life became a succession of
shady motel rooms...

JENIFER
PLEASE NOT
TODAY...

WE FOUND AN ABANDONED FARM HOUSE. I HIT
THE BOTTLE, FORGOT ABOUT RICK. EXISTENCE
WAS A BLURRED MONTAGE OF COLD WINE,
JENIFER'S SLOWLY DROPPING LIPS AND CLIMBING
THE GATE, AND LONG, SOLEMN HOURS AT
NIGHT WHEN SHE'D MACHINALLY SLEEP AND
LEAVE ME ALONE.

I'LL TELL YOU
YES, IT'S THE
ONLY ANSWER...

BUT EVEN IN HER SLEEP JENIFER KEPT
HER STRANGE, INEFFERABLES MOUTH ON
ME. SO EACH NIGHT AFTER MY WALK, I'D
FIND A NEW SUPPLY OF ROT BUT
MYSTERIOUSLY WAITING FOR MY JETTY.
SHE KEPT ALL DANTING ON A SLENDER
THREAD OF ALCOHOL...





WHAT FOLLOWED WAS
LIKE A DREAM. I
REMEMBER RUSHING
ALMOST MECHANICALLY
THROUGH ALLEYS AND
BACK LOTS HEAVY
WITH EVENING
SHADOWS... MY MIND
CROWDED WITH THE
SMALL PRIVIES
PUSHED TO OVERWHELM
JENNIFER.

I REMEMBER
DRAKING THE
BACK, GAZING
THE HEAVY OBJECT
WITHIN THE STORE
WINDOW...

I REMEMBER TURNING
THERE ON THE STREET,
SURPRISED TO SEE
JENNIFER RIGHT BEHIND
ME... STARING AT
ME... STARING...

STARING...





THEN SOMEHOW WE WERE IN THE WOODS, FAR AWAY FROM OUR HOUSE, FROM ANY HOUSE, AND I WAS TRYING JENIFER'S NAME...



...AND I JUST SAT THERE QUIETLY, NOTHING HAVING HAPPENED. I STARED AT JENIFER AND SHE STARED BACK, FOR AWAYS, UNTIL I HEARD THE TWO STEPS...



IT HAS KNOWN I REALIZED HER FULL POWER, HER FULL DEVASTATING POTENTIAL...



I TRIED TO Scream
MY THROAT HOLLOWED
WEEK, I CHOKED
ON MY TEARS

JENIFER,
PLEASE!
PLEASE!

DON'T
MAKE
ME...



PLEASE!!!

NEXT?
WHAT?

B
R
A
M



THERE WAS NO WAY TO EXPLAIN...
NO TRAP TO EXPLAIN... SIMPLY
THE STRENGTH TO BITE A PEEPLE
INWARD AS HER POWER PAPER
AND ANYONE CLOSED IN NOVEMBER...

JENIFER...

The End

A NIGHT WATCHMAN MAKES HIS ROUNDS.



THEN A SOUND.



THE SHATTERING CRASH IS FLEETING; AN ENDLESS ETERNITY PASSES WHILE THE WATCHMAN WAIT...LISTENS

THERE IS ONLY SILENCE...SILENCE FOR THE FRATICIDIC BEATING OF HIS OWN FRATICIDIC HEART!



RANK UPON RANK OF MUTE TOYS GREET HIM IN THE DARKNESS!



HIS THIN, PALE BEAM OF LIGHT ROVES ACROSS INK-BLACK SHADOWS...CUTS THE THICK SHROUD OF SLOOM LIKE A MEAN, WHITE SPEAR.

THE MAN GASP...A SHARP BREATH HARSHLY EXHALED IN NAKED FEAR.



A TOUCH OF TERROR

STORY: JICH MARGOPOULOS / ART: ADOLFO ABELLAN



MR. GROGUN...
CAN YOU LEAVE
DAD AND I
ALONE FOR A
MOMENT? I'LL
IRON THINGS
OUT.

WHILE YOU'RE
DOWN THERE, I'M
GOING TO HAVE A
LOOK AROUND...
CHECK THE PLACE
OUT.

WHENEVER DID
THIS IS GOING
TO PAY?

I AT LEAST
OWE THAT MUCH
TO YOUR HE
WAS A GOOD
GUARD.
A GOOD
MAN.

I HATE LIKE
HELL TO
HAVE TO
TELL HIS
WIFE HE'S
DEAD!

I'VE A MURKIN
SHE'LL TAKE THE
NEWS PRETTY
HARD...
ESPECIALLY NOW
THAT SHE'S
EXPECTING A
BABY!

YS INC.

RECEIVING/
EMPLOYEES
ONLY!

Starr Toys,
INC.

TRANSPORT

ANOTHER
FINE PRODUCT
OF
STARR
TOYS

HANDLE
with CARE

WHY THE
FUNNY LOOK?
FIND
SOMETHING?

ROBERT!

WHAAA-

I WAS
PAVING,
BOB...

STARRE'S NAME IS
PLASTERED ALL OVER
THESE BOXES. WHEN DID
HE SHIFT FROM RETAIL
TO PRODUCTION?

R. TOYS

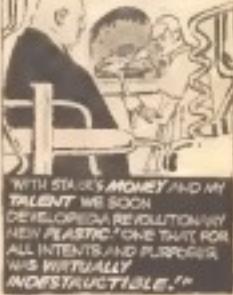
THAT'S MY YOUNG'UN AS WELL TAKE
A SEAT! IT'S A LONG
STORY!



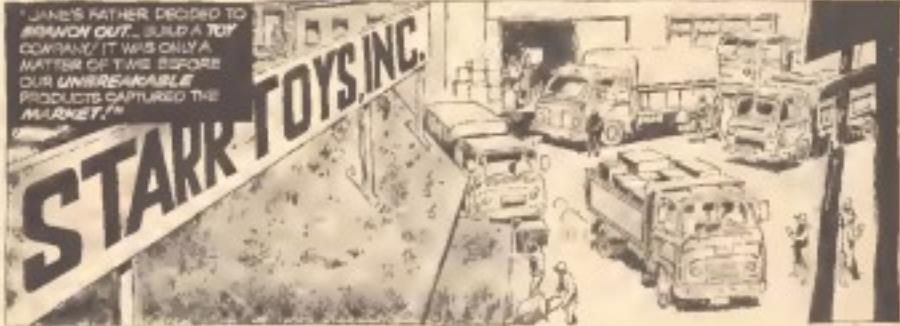
"MY MAJOR WAS BIO-CHEMISTRY
AT COLUMBIA! I MARRIED A
STUNNING LITTLE PRINCESS
NAMED JANE STARR. SHORTLY
AFTER GRADUATION I ENDED UP
HERE!"



"EVEN THOUGH I MADE
VICE-PRESIDENT IN NO
TIME FLAT, MY MAIN LOVE
WAS WITH JUGGLING
TEST TUBES!"



"JANE'S FATHER DECIDED TO
MANOW OUT... BUILD A TOY
COMPANY. IT WAS ONLY A
MATTER OF TIME BEFORE
OUR UNBREAKABLE
PRODUCTS CAPTURED THE
MARKET!"



"YOU'VE PROBABLY
NOTICED SOME OF
THEM ON THE FLOOR!"

AS ADVERTISED!
NYMATCHES!
NEW LOW, LOW PRICE!
1000/2 \$3.50



YOUR
MIND'S NOT
ON MY LIFE-
STORY! BUT
THAT'S
UNDERSTANDABLE!

I'M SORRY,
BOB! I WAS
JUST THINKING
HOW TO TELL
THE GUARD'S
WIFE
THAT HER
HUSBAND IS DEAD!



I DON'T
ENJOY
YOU THAT
JOB!"

WELL, I'D
BETTER SET
IT OVER
WITH...

I'LL BE BACK
BEFORE CLOSING
TIME! TONIGHT
I GUARD THIS
STORE
PERSONALLY!"



"WHAT'ENDS, WE CALL THEM! REAL
SWINGER-SOUNDING NAME! THE KIDS
GO FOR IT LIKE CRAZY!"

THAT NIGHT...

MAYBE THIS ISN'T
SUCH A GOOD IDEA,
MR. GROGGIN! SURE
YOU STILL WANT
TO GO THRU
WITH IT?

TURN THE KEY AND
GO HOME! MY SBS
ALL THE COMPANY
I NEED!

HAVE IT YOUR WAY,
GROGGIN! IT'S
YOUR FUNERAL!



THE HEAVY-GAUGE
METAL LOCK
CLICKS SHUT WITH
A SOUND OF
SOLEMN FINALITY!

FROM THIS
MOMENT ON
FRANK
GROGGIN IS
STUCK IN
THE STORE!

OH, MAN! NEVER
REALIZED HOW BIG
THE PLACE IS! AND
EMPTY!

ALL DARK AND
QUIET... HUSHED
LIKE A TOMB! I'D
SWEAR THOSE
AISLES LOOK
MORE AND MORE
LIKE
GRAVE-MARKERS!



HELLO,
GROGGIN...
YOU POOR,
PITIFULLY
INCOMPETENT
FOOL!

BETTER CUT THAT OUT! I'M
GETTING MORBID! NEXT I'LL
BE IMAGINING THINGS
AND MY NERVES'LL BE
SHOT TO HELL!

BEEN AT IT FOR HOURS!
QUARTER AFTER THREE... AND
NOT A CREATURE IS
STIRRING...

IT'S JUST THAT I CAN'T
GET VERR' OUT OF MY MIND!
HS BODY ALL BITEN AND
HACKED TO BLOODY
PIECES...

...NOT EVEN
A HOUR!







ROBERT IS SLOW AND STUPID LIKE YOU... GROGUN!

EVEN AT THIS LATE DATE IN MY IMPETUOUS BID FOR POWER, HE DOES NOT SUSPECT THAT I CAN CONTROL HIS PLASTIC!



I CAN MAKE THE PLASTIC DO WHAT I WANT!

I CAN MAKE IT COME TO LIFE!



LIKE BEASTS OF PREY, THEY TRACK THEIR QUARRY...

I'VE DEVOTED MY NIGHTS TO PATIENT MENTAL CONCENTRATION, TRAINING MY LITTLE PETS... GIVING THEM ORDERS!

THEN ROBERT KILLED YOU WITHOUT MY KNOWLEDGE... ALMOST UPSET MY WELL-LAI PLANS!



AND A LONE WARRIOR RISES... ABANDONS HIS COVER... AND JOINS THE CHASE!



I HAD TO DEAL WITH YOU, GROGUN! DEAL WITH YOU FAST!

STALKING... FOLLOWING... THE
TOWERING FIGURE OF FRANK
GODGUN...



ALL THE OLD VALUES...
CHANGING SO RAPIDLY!
BEING OLD IS LIKE BEING
LOST! IT HURTS NOT TO
RECOGNIZE THE OLD
WORLD.

BUT I WILL SAVE
THINGS... RETURN
THEM TO THEIR
PROPER
PLACES." I
CAN? I
MUST!



... JOINED BY NUMEROUS
OTHERS OF ITS KIND!



IT IS YOU, MY
TINY AND
UNTHINKING
CREATION, WHO
WILL BE OUR
COLLECTIVE
SAVIOUR!

MILLIONS OF
YOU HAVE BEEN
SCATTERED
THROUGHOUT THE
NATION! THERE
ISN'T A
HOUSEHOLD
IN ANY TOWN
WITHOUT A
NYMATE!

AND AT MY PRECISE
COMMAND... EVERY POLL
SHALL RISE UP AND
DESTROY THOSE WHO
WIELD THE REINS OF
POWER!



THE COUNTRY IS
BEING DESTROYED
WITH DRUGS,
RIOTS AND LEGAL
ABORTION!

BUT I CAN OVERTHROW
OUR CORRUPT
GOVERNMENT. I CAN
RESTORE THE MORAL
LEADERSHIP WE
NEED!

GIVE ME A SIGN,
ALMIGHTY GOD!
BLESS ME... AND
THIS MIRACLE WILL
BE DONE TOMORROW!



THEN A SOUND! THE SOUND OF A HUNDRED PADDED FOOTFALLS FORCES FRANK GROGAN TO TURN... TO MEET THE MENACE AT HIS BACK!



AND WHEN FIGHT BECOMES IMPOSSIBLE...

...WHEN AN ANIMAL IS CORNERED...



IT WILL ALWAYS FIGHT...

THE PISTOL IS NEAR USELESS! FRANK GROGAN IS WELL AWARE OF THAT!



AGAIN AND AGAIN AND AGAIN! FOR WHAT IS THE INDIVIDUAL WORTH OF A MAN... IF HE DOESN'T MAKE AT LEAST A TOKEN EFFORT AT DEFENDING HIMSELF?

YET, HE PINCHES THE TRIGGER

EVERYONE MAY HAVE THIS THOUGHT-CONTROL ABILITY? I DON'T KNOW!

THE POINT IS AGGRAVATION! OPPORTUNITY HAS ARRIVED... AND DOUGLAS STARR HAS ANSWERED!

TRADITION MUST BE RESPECTED! AGE MUST BE HONORED! I AND I ALONE AM THE COUNTRY'S SOLE SALVATION!



THE COUNTLESS THINGS THAT
ARE FULL...
SWARM UP HIS LEGS. THEY
BITE! THEY CLAW! THEY
HACK!

BUT FIRE YOUR
THREE REMAINING
BULLETS, FRANK,
AND LAUGH AS
YOU BLAST AWAY!
IF DYING MUST BE
DONE... DO IT LIKE
A MAN!



GOT CARRIED AWAY... RAMBLED
ENTIRELY TOO MUCH! LIVING
IN A WORLD OF
INSANITY HAS
CAUSED THAT!

I'M SORRY
FOR
TAKING UP
YOUR
VALUABLE
TIME, GROGUN.
I COULDN'T
RESIST COMING
HERE TO
CHAT!



FRANK GROGAN TRIES TO BRUSH
THE SCRAMBLING BOLLS AWAY...
LIKE A GIANT INPOTENTLY
SWATTING GNATS!



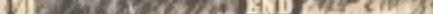
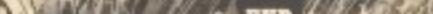
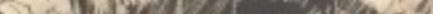
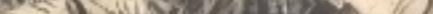
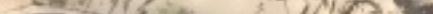
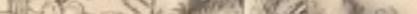
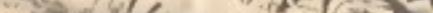
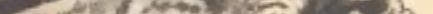
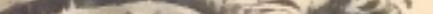
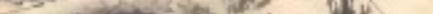
TWO WORDS WHO USED TO
DESCRIBE HIS PLASTIC RETURN
TO HAVING THE BELIEVED
MAN "VIRTUALLY
INDESTRUCTIBLE!"

TIME TO DEPART! THERE
IS A LAND OUT THERE...
WAITING FOR A MASTER
TO GIVE IT PURPOSE!

MY DESTINY BECKONS.

GOOD-BYE, GROGAN!







I'M SCOTT MURDOCK,
A FORTUNE HUNTER.
IT WAS THE STRANGEST
TREASURED OF ALL
THAT BROUGHT ME TO
THE SMALL GERMAN
TOWN OF BRAUNSBERG
THAT DAY..."

**WATCH AS
MR. SCOTT MURDOCH,
WOULD-BE TREASURE-
HUNTER, GOES LOOKING
FOR EASY MONEY...
ONLY TO FIND HE
DON'T HAVE...**

...A GHOST OF A CHANCE

YOUR QUESTIONS ABOUT
LINDLER MANSION ARE VERY
DISTURBING, HERR HURDOCK.
THAT HOUSE HAS BEEN
BOARDED UP MANY YEARS.

THAT HOUSE IS TRULY
CURSED, MY FRIEND!
THE SORCERY OF
BARRY LINDBER
WAS ONLY TOO REAL.

NO ONE
IS ALLOWED
TO ENTER IT
FOR ANY
REASON.

SURELY
IT WONT
ADAPT TO
FILL ME IN
ABOUT THE
LEGEND?



AND THEN...
WE WERE
INSIDE!

IT'S SO CREEPY...
AND CHILLY...
LIKE...DEATH!

ENOUGH MYSTERIES,
JEAN. THERE'S ROCK
TO--

HUH?
THAT
SOUND!
WHERE--?

IT'S ALL
AROUND
US!

FLAP FLAP FLAP

GOT
TO BE...
WIND
OR...

THE LIGHT!
IT'S OUT!

AAARRGHH!

SCOTT?
ARE YOU
ALL
RIGHT?

WHEN
YOU
SCREAMED
LIKE THAT...

OHMMH!
MY ACHING
NECK...

MUST HAVE TRIPPED WHEN THE
LIGHT WENT OUT... AND CUT MY NECK
AS I FELL! DON'T WORRY ABOUT
IT! I'M OKAY!

THEN LET'S
LEAVE!
PLEASE!



WHATEVER IT'S
EMPTY! YOU
TRICKED ME!

SUDDENLY AS HE HAD APPEARED, THE BARON'S
CORPSE VANISHED IN GHOSTLY LAUGHTER...

OH SCOTT!
SOMETHING
HORRIBLE IS
HAPPENING
I JUST
KNOW IT!



"...HOPING JEAN WOULD NOT BE ABLE
TO FOLLOW..."

SCOTT!
SCOTT!

"...AS I RACED
ON TO THE
ROOM, WITH
THE COFFIN

'THEN, I COULD NO LONGER
HEAR HER FOOTSTEPS! SHE
WAS SAFE! I KNEW THE GHOST
WOULD NOT HARM HER, FOR SHE
HAD REFUSED HIS TREASURE...
AS I SHOULD HAVE DONE!"



"AND THE BARON
APPEARED...ONE
FINAL TIME!"



"NO!"

IT WAS YOUR
GREED
PERMEATING
EVERY FIBRE
OF YOUR
BEING,
DESTROYING
ALL YOUR
OTHER GOALS!

HOW THOSE
OTHER GOALS
ARE LOST
FOREVER!

"WHAT CAN
THEY MEAN
TO YOU?"

"A
VAMPIRE!"

"SO I LEARNED
AS DAWN'S
LIGHT WEAKENED
ME I SHOULD
HAVE GUessed IT
WAS A VAMPIRE
BUT THAT YOU
HAD BITE MY
NECK!"

"YES! BUT NOW...
DAY IS ALMOST
UPON YOU. AND
YOU ARE A
VAMPIRE..."



"THE COFFIN!
I'LL HAVE TO
GET INTO THE
COFFIN OR I'LL
DIE!"

"THE BARON IS GONE
NOW! BUT I'LL HAVE
PLENTY OF TIME
TO DWELL ON HIS
WORDS. FOR AS AN
IMMORTAL VAMPIRE,
I'LL HAVE AN
ETERNITY... TO
THINK OF ALL
I'VE LOST... AN
ETERNITY TO THINK
ABOUT..."

"HA HA! ENJOY YOUR
TREASURE, MURDOCK."



"...MY
OWN
GREED!"



WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF THE GOVERNMENT EVER DECIDED TO MASTER THE ARTIFICIAL ARTIST? IT'S ALL SPELLED OUT FOR YOU IN...

DEMON IN THE COCKPT

HEAR: THE RAZOROUS WHINE OF A JET-COPTER... STEEL-RIBBED PRODUCT OF A POLLUTION-FRAUDGY TECHNOLOGY!

SMELL: STRETCHES OF BURNING, BUZZING DESERT. A SHARING, KODAK-DAY SUN: "THE UTAH BADLANDS."

SEE: TWO MEN... TENSE, TIGHT-LIPPED; THEY STARE MUTELY AHEAD AT THE BLEAK, HEAT-SCORCHED NOTHINGNESS!

WERE ALMOST THERE!

THEN, THE ONE IN THE PILOT'S CHAIR TURNS AND SPEAKS...

THE PASSENGER CURTSIALLY HOODS HIS HEAD IN ACKNOWLEDGMENT; HE MAKES NO OTHER REPLY. PERHAPS IT IS BECAUSE HIS FURROWED BROW...

HIS WRINKLE-WORRIED FEATURES ARE CONCERNED WITH MORE IMPORTANT MATTERS, LIKE WAR AND DEATH...



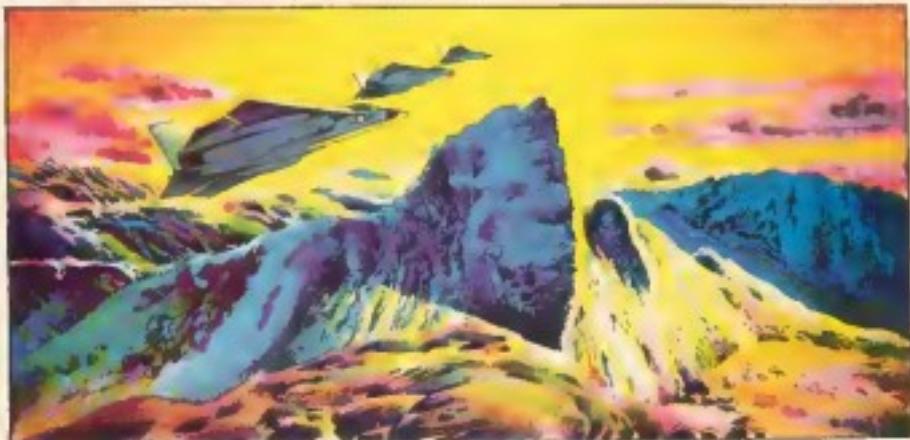
ROTORS BEATING IN A MAD,
CIRCULAR FRENZY... THE AIRCRAFT
ALIGHTS AT THE BASE OF A MASSIVE
MOUNTAIN-FORTRESS...



THE VEHICLE HUMS ALONG UNTIL IT ARRIVES AT CONTROL CENTRAL!



"THIS UNDERGROUND COMPLEX...PROJECT MYSTIC MOUNT...IS WORKING ON A NEW FORM OF WARFARE...ONE THAT WILL MAKE ATOMIC ATTACK OBSOLETE! IT BEGAN WHEN ONE OF OUR RESEARCHERS STUMBLED ACROSS THE AXOMA!"





MARSHALL THE PHYSICIST FROM CMC TECH?



CURIOUS,
GOOD?

THE
DOCTOR RECENTLY
COMPLETED A STUDY
ON WITNESSCRAFT... AND
FEED THE RESULTS IN
TO THE PROJECT'S
COMPUTERS!

OUR
DUTCH BROTHERS
DEVELOPED THE
SPELL YOU WERE
JUST LOOKING AT!

THE
DOCS GIVING
US THE NIGHT
SHOW MR. SACRE...
THE SIGNAL TO
START!

OKAY, TOM.
ACTIVATE THE
VIDEO RECORDERS.
I WANT THIS ALL
ON TAPE!

ACTUALLY
THE DOWN-LINK
TRAPPING ISN'T
NECESSARY.

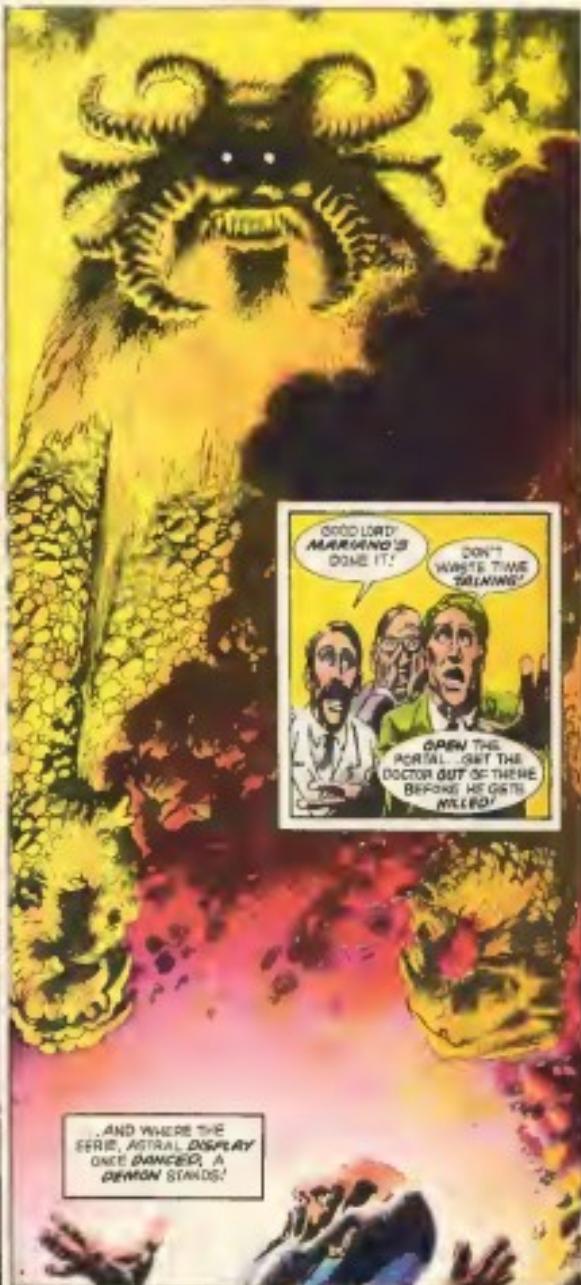
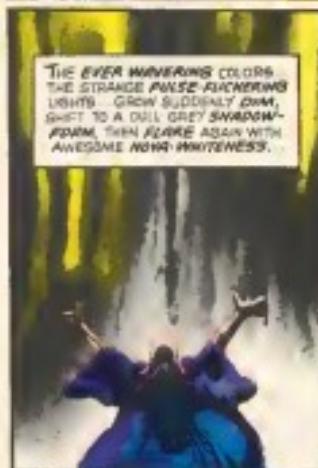
IT'S
JUST THAT DR.
WARRIOR FEELS
MORE **SECURE**
WITH THEM... A
PSYCHOLOGICAL
CRUTCH SO TO
SPEAK.

REGISTERS
ARE PICKING UP
PSIONIC ENERGY
JAMMING ALL
WIRELESS-IPS.

AND
THAT'S
NOT ALL!
LOOK!

A
CHURNING
FURNACE...A
SOFTLY SHIMMERING
WORMHOLE OF
LIGHT...IN
MID-AIR!





DAWN ROSES BLOOMING,
THE AMBO MAN SEARCHES
FOR THE SECRETORY OF THE
STEEL-LINED SAWMILL!



AND WATCHING HIM IS THE DEMON! TWIN
EYES LIKE DEVIL-DARK COALS BEGAN TO
BLAZE AN UNDODDY GREEN!

THE TOWERING BEING TAKES A CRASHING STEP FORWARD AS IF TO FOLLOW THE MORTAL WHO BECKONED HIM FROM BEYOND THE LOWER DEPTHS.



FOR THE FIRST TIME IN AGELESS ETERNITY, Y'SURIL FEELS THE FEARSONG BITE OF NERVE-NUMBING PAIN!





PROLOGUE NIGHT IN THE MID-PACIFIC...

I'M A FOOL...
NOTHING BUT A
DAMN FOOL!

TWO DAYS OUT OF
SAN FRANCISCO AND
ALREADY THIS BLASTED
CRUISE IS MORE THAN
I CAN TAKE!

SHOULD'VE KNOWN
THE ONLY REASON
COULTER INVITED ME
IS SO HE COULD TUM-
MENT ME!

YEAH! THAT'S
JUST GOT
TO BE IT!

THAT'S THE WAY
IT'S ALWAYS BEEN!
MARK COULTER HAS
EVERYTHING...

WE HATE EACH
OTHER! I'M ALONG
TO BE HIS WHAP-
PING BOY!

ANN! EVEN NOW THE
THOUGHT OF HER MARS
JAKE SWUNG HIS BLOOD
CATCH FIRE, THE LIQUOR
COURSED FASTER WITHIN
HIM, THE PESTILENCE
AND RAGE GROW...

...WHILE
I'M LEFT WITH
NOTHINGS! HE'S
GOT THE YACHT,
THE CARS, THE
CLOTHES... EVEN
GOT ANN...

SHE WAS MY
GIRL... BUT WHAT
CHANCE DID I HAVE
AGAINST HIS MONEY
AND FANCY TALK?

YEAH! IT'S ALL GONE
COULTER'S WAY! BUT IF
HE PUSHES ME MUCH MORE...
IF HE KEEPS TRYING TO
LORD IT OVER ME...

THE WORM'S
GOING TO TURN! I'M
FED UP ENOUGH TO DO
SOMETHING ABOUT IT...
HAD ALL I'M GOING
TO TAKE!



THEN SOMETHING HUNTED
THROUGH SAUNDERS' SELF-
ITY, HIS ALCOHOLIC HAZE...



AND WITH THAT SCREAM WE CROSSED-OFF FROM OUR
PROLOGUE AND SET SAIL INTO A TALE OF TERROR ON
THE JAWY DEEP AS WHAT STARTED AS A PLEASURE
CRUISE THREATENS TO MAKE ALL HANDS...



"FISHBAT"

SUDDENLY, THE NIGHT
HEAVED IN THE AIR
TOSSING SAUNDERS --
LIKE A RAG DOLL!

ON TROMWLING, UNSURE LEGS, JANE
STAGGERED OUT INTO THE MAIN COMP-
ARTMENT, HAILING ONE OF THE CREW...

OH, MY
GOD!

WHAT
THE HELL'S
HAPPENED?

DON'T
KNOW, MR.
SAUNDERS!

SOMETHIN' MUST
HAVE RAMMED US...
PRETTY BLASTED
HARD!





BY AN HOUR LATER
THE FOG HAD LIFTED...



HOW LONG
BEFORE THEY
GET US?

SANDERS COULD FEEL THE HOPELESSNESS AND
FEAR, LIKE THE HAND OF DOOM CONSTRUCTING
UPON HIM, FORCING HIM TO EXPLODE!

JAKE! SIT DOWN
AND SHUT UP! WE
DON'T NEED THAT!

SHUT UP
YOURSELF,
MONEY BAGS!
I'M NO FOOL
LIKE THE
OTHERS!

YOU WANT TO
BOSS EVERYONE
AROUND AND PLAY
HERO... BUT WE'RE
ALL GOING TO DIE.
DO YOU HEAR?

DIE!

I WARNED
YOU TAKE!

WROK!

UGGGHHHHH!

WE'VE BEEN
FRIENDS A LONG
TIME, JAKE... I'D
RATHER NOT HAVE
DONE THAT! BUT
WE'LL NEVER
PULL THROUGH
THIS BY-

GOD HELP US!
THEY'RE GOING TO
TIP THE BOAT!

SHARK!



THEY FOUGHT... FOUGHT HARD WITH THE DARK BUT IN THE END...



...THE SMALL
BOAT WENT
OVER! HERLING
THEM ALL INTO
THE BLOOD-FLECKED
WATERS...



...WHERE THERE
WAS NO ESCAPE!



THEY'RE GONE...
SUDDENLY AS THEY
APPEARED...

BUT
THEY GOT ANN...!
MY GOD...



WHAT DO YOU EXPECT,
RICH MANS? THINK ALL YOUR
CASH CAN BUY OFF
KILLER SHARKS?!

JAMES... DON'T YOU
HAVE ANY SENSE OF
DEFENDACY?



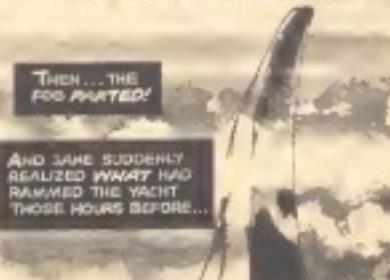


BUT THE SHARKS DID NOT COME. THEY DRIFTED ALONE... JAKE
WITH HIS HATRED, ANN WITH HIS SILENCE, UNTIL ONCE MORE
THE FOE CAME ROLLING IN, AND WITH IT... HOPE!





BEHIND JAKE SAUNDERS THE OCEAN FOAMED CRIMSON,
BUT HE DID NOT LOOK BACK...ONLY AHEAD...INTO THE
FOG. YET AS HE NEARED THE LOOMING SHAPE, A
STRANGE UNBELIEVABILITY CRESTED SLOWLY OVER HIM...



CREEPY COLLECTION ISN'T COMPLETE? ACT NOW!



WE PAY POSTAGE AND HANDLING ON
ANY BACK-ISSUE WARREN MAGAZINES
ORDERED WITHIN U.S.A.

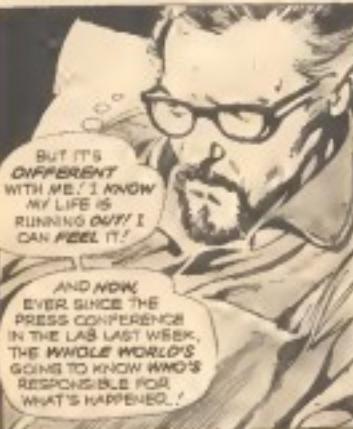
**SEND FOR THESE
MONSTERIFIC
BACK ISSUES!**

To order any of these items, please see last page of this magazine
for convenient RUSH ORDER FORM.

PAIN. IT, THE GREY WALLS,
AND THE DISMAL VIEW
WERE ALL HE KNEW LYING
IN HIS HOSPITAL BED...

ON A DAY IN THE NOT TOO DISTANT
FUTURE, DR. GRANT DESHON,
EMINENT RESEARCHER IN THE FIELD OF
CELL REPLICATION,
COUNTED THE HOURS
LEFT HIM...

I ALMOST WISH I'D NEVER
STARTED IT ALL! WHEN I THINK
OF WHAT'S HAPPENED, I FEEL
LIKE A... DR. FRANKENSTEIN!



AND NOW,
EVER SINCE THE
PRESS CONFERENCE
IN THE LAB LAST WEEK,
THE WHOLE WORLD'S
GOING TO KNOW WHO'S
RESPONSIBLE FOR
WHAT'S HAPPENED!



THIS IS THE
RESEARCH LAB OF
THE MED SCHOOL
WHERE DR. DESHON
HAS ORGANIZED A
WHOLE NEW SCIENCE...

HERE THEY ARE,
GENTLEMEN... THE
CLONES! BUT BEFORE
I GO INTO THE PROJECT
IN FURTHER DETAIL...

PERHAPS I'D BETTER EXPLAIN
MORE FULLY JUST WHAT A
CLONE IS... /

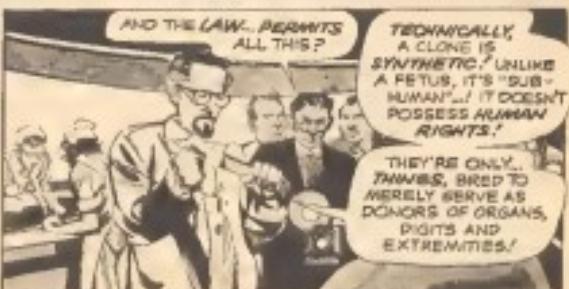
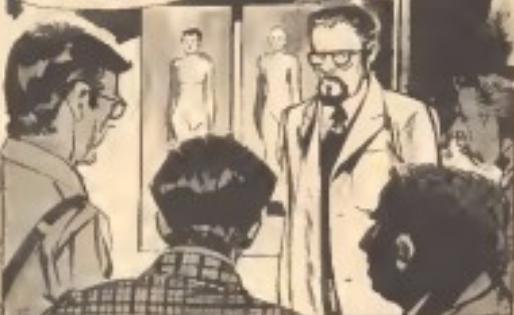
THE
CLONE

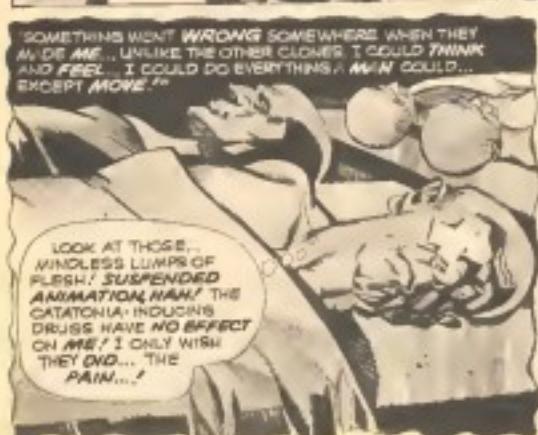
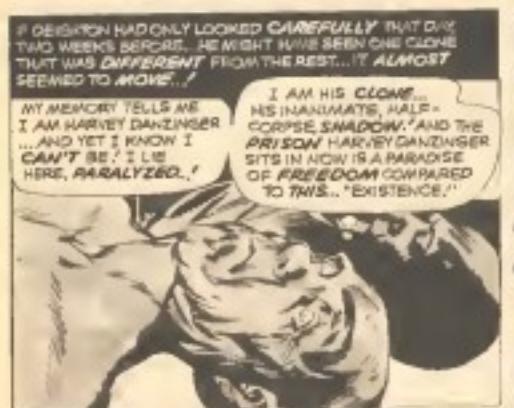
A CLONE IS AN ORGANISM PRODUCED BY CHEMICALLY-INDUCED CELL REPLICATION!

THAT IS TO SAY, BY CLOTHING WE CAN ARTIFICIALLY REPRODUCE AN ORGANISM... AN EXACT DUPLICATE... FROM ANY SPECIMEN OF CELLS!

FROM TISSUE SPECIMENS PROVIDED BY PRIVATE DONORS, WE HAVE DEVELOPED THE FIRST HUMAN CLONES!

WE ARE EXPERIMENTING WITH HUMAN CLONES IN ORDER TO BREED LIVING ORGAN BANKS FOR TRANSPLANTS!





BUT EACH TIME THEY'VE ADMINISTERED THE ELECTRO-SHOCK TO 'ACTIVATE' ME... LITTLE BY LITTLE I'VE FELT MY MUSCLES START TO... MOVE!

SOON, I'LL BE ABLE TO HAVE MY REVENGE!

BRING THE EQUIPMENT OVER HERE!



THEY ATTACHED THE ELECTRODES... AND AS THE CURRENT PULSED THROUGH ITS PARALYZED BODY, THE CLONE OF HARVEY DANZINGER FELT ITS ATROPHIED MUSCLES BEGIN TO Tingle WITH POWER."

AHHH... YES! IT'S HAPPENING!



AFTER THEY LEFT THE ROOM TO PREPARE FOR THE LATEST OPERATION, IT STRETCHED ITS NEWBORN MUSCLES FOR THE FIRST TIME...

I'VE WAITED A LONG TIME FOR THIS...

THEY'VE STOLEN FROM ME...

AND WHAT THEY'VE STOLEN... I'M GOING TO GET BACK!

AND WHEN THEY RETURNED TO CLAIM THEIR "ORGAN-POWER"...

RALPH! COME QUICK! IT... IT'S... GONE!



TWO WEEKS AGO AN UNAVOIDABLE OPERATION OF HIS OWN LATER, AN AGONIZED DR. GRANT DEANSON PONDERS HIS FATE...

IT WAS THAT NIGHT AFTER THE PRESS CONFERENCE THAT THEY FOUND IT MISSING...?

AT FIRST WE THOUGHT THERE'D BEEN A MURK UP... AND IT HAD BEEN DISPOSED OF... ALONG WITH THE OTHER, DEPLETED CLONES...

BUT AFTER THE HIDEOUS MURKURE, WE KNOW...

FOR THE PAST TWO WEEKS, THE COMMUNITY SURROUNDING THE CAMPUS HAS BEEN HELD IN A GRIP OF TERROR! ONE OF OUR CLONES IS RUNNING LOOSE... A MAD KILLER!

...AND SOON IT WILL RETURN... I KNOW IT...

HUH?

AT THAT MOMENT, ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE SLEEPY COLLEGE TOWN...

TONIGHT, I VISIT MR. GLENDON THURMAN III... THEN, ONE LAST "FRAND", AND MY REVENGE IS COMPLETE!

THE CLONE'S CRIMINAL MIND QUICKLY DETERMINES THE EASIEST ROUTE TO THE UPSTAIRS WINDOW...

HOW I'VE LOVED TRACKING DOWN MY LOST PARTS THESE PAST TWO WEEKS... LEAVING MY VICTIMS BLEEDING TO DEATH...

...SUFFERING THE SAME TORTURE I ENDURED! THEY DESERVE IT... ALL OF THEM!

...LIKE THE CANCER PATIENT WHO "RETURNED" THE LUNG HE STOLE FROM ME...

GEENAGGRGSHH!!

...OR THE LONGSHOREMAN WHO RECEIVED A Y TRANSPLANTED ARM... I WONDER WHAT THE COPS THOUGHT WHEN THEY FOUND HIS CORPSE...

LET IT BE A LESSON TO YOU... SMOKING'S NOT THE ONLY THING THAT CAN BE HAZARDOUS TO YOUR HEALTH!

BUT WHERE AS IT? NO SIGN OF IT ANYWHERE!

MOST HORRIFICO THING I'VE EVER SEEN!

SOMEONE... OR SOMETHING... RIPPED HIS ARM OFF!

THERE HE IS, THE
WEALTHY PIG! THE
PERFECT CONVALESCENT
... EATING HIS CAT
MEAL!

WHAT NO PRIVATE
NURSES? ALL ALONE,
MR. T.? PERFECT!
YOU, SIR, ARE
ABOUT TO GET
YOURS!

WHAT... WHO ARE
YOU? WHAT DO
YOU WANT?

PROBABLY
BREATHING

TO GIVE A
LECTURE...
ON ANCIENT
HISTORY!

MY SUBJECT
TONIGHT IS
HAMURAB'S CODE.
"AN EYE FOR AN EYE."
REMEMBER IT,
MR. THURMAN?

WHA--? YOU WERE BORN
WITH A SILVER SPOON STUCK
IN YOUR MOUTH...

... AND YOU'RE
GOING TO DIE WITH
ONE...

...STUCK
SOMEWHERE
ELSE!

MEANWHILE, THE HOURS DRAG ON FOR GRANT
DEIGHTON. HIS FEELINGS OF DOOM GROW
MORE IMMINENT...

DR. DEIGHTON? YOU'RE
IN NO CONDITION...

PLEASE! YOU'VE
GOT TO LISTEN TO
ME! IT'S COMING
BACK HERE...
TONIGHT! IT'S
DANGEROUS!

THE POLICE
DRAGNETS
CAN'T FIND IT...
BUT IT'S
COMING
HERE!

PROMISE ME, YOU'LL
HAVE AN ARMED GUARD
POSTED OUTSIDE THE
MEDICAL CENTER. ARM
THE NIGHT STAFF! DON'T
LET IT IN!!

SKWAKSSCHHHHPP!

THE HOSPITAL COMPLIES WITH
DEIGHTON'S REQUEST WITHOUT
QUESTION... AND, SEVERAL
MINUTES LATER, OUTSIDE...



LIKE A JUNGLE NIGHT-SHROUDED PANTHER, THE CLONE SPRINGS FROM ITS HIDING-PLACE...



AND ZIMM... RUSHED INTO THE HOSPITAL, LIKE AN ARMED HURRICANE, BLASTING DOWN EVERYONE IN SIGHT!



OUTSIDE, IN
THE HALL...

HUH?!



MRS.
HALSTEAD!
MY GOD!

NO!

BLAMM!

DROP IT,
DEIGHTON! NO
USE TRYING TO
CALL ANYONE!
NOT NOW!

I'VE
SEALED
OFF THIS
WHOLE FLOOR
FROM THE REST
OF THE
HOSPITAL!

I LOCKED
THE DOORS
BEHIND ME AND
BROKE THE
LOCKS BY
FIRING SLUGS
INTO THEM!

BY THE TIME
ANYONE DOES
GET UP HERE, IT'LL
BE ALL OVER...



H-HOW'D YOU...
GET IN HERE?!

YOU FIGURE
IT OUT, DEIGHTON.
YOU KNOW ABOUT
MY TALENT FOR
BREAKING AND
ENTERING...

GRAVES, MAUSOLEUMS.
YOU REMEMBER?

YES...
YOU'RE... YOU'RE
DANZINGER'S
CLONE. YOU...
YOU WANT--

ONLY WHAT
BELONGS TO ME,
DEIGHTON...
...MY
KIDNEY!?

NO... NO...
OHHHHHH...

THERE WAS NO
WAY FOR ME TO
SURGICALLY REPLACE
ALL THE ORGANS THAT
WERE TAKEN FROM
ME, DOCTOR.

GHOUL?!

THAT'S
RIGHT...
DOCTOR!

DANZINGER?!

THAT MEANS--
YOU'RE A-A...

BUT NOW
EVERYTHING THAT
WAS TAKEN FROM
ME IS AGAIN
MINE!?

? URP!

THE
(CHOKE)
END

FANTASTICAL LP RECORD ALBUMS!



Remember the 1960's and how many of them never did! Well, we've managed to get a hold of some of the best LP's ever made in rock-and-roll history. And now we're proud to present Rock-Suspense! Sure, you can buy it at your local record store, but you'll pay more. And you'll get to own a special edition of the album that's limited to 1000 copies. It's the best album you can buy for less than \$10.00. Get it now! It's the best album you can buy for less than \$10.00.



BELA LUGOSI
An Original Radio Suspense Story
A George Schaefer Production



BLOOD SPLASH SHIVER
An Original Radio Suspense Story
A George Schaefer Production



DOCTOR DRAC
An Original Radio Suspense Story
A George Schaefer Production



GREAT MOMENTS
IN RADIO



GREAT MOMENTS
IN RADIO



GREAT MOMENTS
IN RADIO



THE LONE RANGER
The Masked Man and his trusty sidekick, Tonto, are back in this new edition of the classic radio show. The old cast is still there, and they sound as good as ever. The new cast is just as good, and they sound even better. This is one of the best albums you can buy for less than \$10.00.



CAPTAIN SUPERMAN
The full audio adventure from 1943 Captain Super, the boy who could fly. He's back in this new edition of the classic radio show. The old cast is still there, and they sound as good as ever. The new cast is just as good, and they sound even better. This is one of the best albums you can buy for less than \$10.00.



BUCK ROGERS
The full audio adventure from 1943 Buck Rogers, the man in the space suit. He's back in this new edition of the classic radio show. The old cast is still there, and they sound as good as ever. The new cast is just as good, and they sound even better. This is one of the best albums you can buy for less than \$10.00.



THE SHADOW
Humphrey Bogart and Boris Karloff star in this classic radio show. The old cast is still there, and they sound as good as ever. The new cast is just as good, and they sound even better. This is one of the best albums you can buy for less than \$10.00.



THE SHADOW
Orson Welles and Bela Lugosi star in this classic radio show. The old cast is still there, and they sound as good as ever. The new cast is just as good, and they sound even better. This is one of the best albums you can buy for less than \$10.00.



THE SHADOW
Orson Welles and Bela Lugosi star in this classic radio show. The old cast is still there, and they sound as good as ever. The new cast is just as good, and they sound even better. This is one of the best albums you can buy for less than \$10.00.

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FULL COLOR! BIG 14" x 20"!

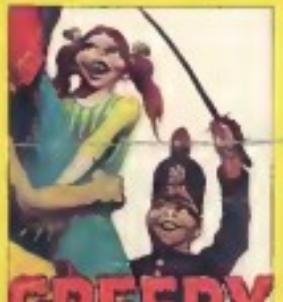


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PREVIEW



CREEPY



EERIE



VAMPIRELLA



SPRITE

